

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Exertions Remix"

(feat. Bahamadia, Esoteric, Virtuoso)

[Ikon the Hologram:]

You gettin' split in fucking half by Ikon the Hologram's wrath
But I am the center inside the placenta of math
You clash with cyanide gas and die fast
Rhythmical equivalent of solids, liquids and gas
We smash your science, with the power of Lord Titus
But I am the virus inside of the iris of Cyrus
Upon papyrus, I kill snipers and biting vipers
And strangle you with the organs of rioters who try to fight us
Call me your highness and sip the blood from the phoenix
Who's guilty like the Jews in the crucifixion of Jesus
Murder the heathens and perish in a pit of cobras
Word is bond, my rhymes form into a swarm of locusts
Provoke us, and face the Zodiac killers
Five Samurai, do or die, fire spitters
Heavy hitters, from the lands of Sudan
Killadelph, Shambhala, Ikon the Hologram
What!?

[Virtuoso:]

All religions fear Miguel
My strikes are fatal, to your style
That's infantile like prenatal
Your mic's a child that's getting fucked by a wild pedophile
With bars pressed like guys spit violence, pectoral
So suck my genitals you punk bitch, I'm the general
Concocting verbs out of chemicals
And leave you bloody like menstrual
Cycles, my rap rifle blasts open any beat you throw
Virtuoso flows like an ocean through an archipelago

[Esoteric:]

At a glance, yo, my battle stance rattles camps like an avalanche
Crabs don't have a chance, you sycophants
Spend your cash advance grabbing a lance
To try to joust with the conqueror
Stompin the pawns that sponsor ya, onto the crucifix
I chew ya crew to bits like Mucelx or computer chips
Who can diss the pugilist?
Rappers tried, and now they calcified up in formaldehyde
Your valves canals divide
I scalp hides, my names italicized to chastise
Replicants in Nexus 6's excellence
Present tense malevolence, devastating regiments
Ever since, I supplied a diatribe of cyanide
You revised whom you idolize

I finalize death threats, you recollect the Esoteridactyl
Court is now in session, motherfucker, drop the gavel

[Bahamadia:]

Knowledge is self taught to be defining me spiritual

Animal senile, *[?]*

Like oracles at Delphi when they're spoken to

Mortals refer to me as Hatshepsut

For exposing the secrets of the sands while I'm blessing you

My presence here is principle like Kemetic philosophies

Of reparations and for payment of stolen legacy

So hail, homie

To Army of the Pharaoh

Like Ma'at I seek truth through the tarot

Choosing the teachings of 'Nezzar over that of the devil

And trading places with Sankofa to hear my ancestors echo

[?] commanding thoughts that *[?]* the facts

That led me to the holy near the temple of Karnak